

JUNE NO.18

DARK MYSTERIES

WEIRD TALES
OF HORROR!

NO..NO...DON'T
KILL ME! I DON'T
WANT TO DIE!

BUTCHER...YOU
KILLED US WITH YOUR
BEEF... NOW YOU CAN
HANG WITH THE REST
OF YOUR POISONED
MEAT!

TERROR
OF THE
BURNING
CORPSE

MEDICAL TABLET DISCOVERY!

SAFE, NEW,
EASY WAY!



SIMPLE SAFE TABLET DOES IT

DRY-TABS is the same safe medical discovery that is prescribed by many doctors. Now, it is available for the first time without prescription to all the victims of BED-WETTING who long to rid themselves of this distressing habit once and for all. DRY-TABS is safe, not habit forming, contains no harmful drugs—Follow simple directions.

"DRY-TAB THERAPY" Eventually Allows BED-WETTING Victims to Function Normally Without Further Medication

DRY-TABS, in most cases, does not offer merely temporary stopping of BED-WETTING. In case after case, as revealed in clinical tests conducted in hospitals by medical scientists, the DRY-TABS formula proved itself to be a tablet that gives direct support to the patient in controlling his BED-WETTING. The benefits of the DRY-TABS formula may be expected to be effective beyond the period when it is taken regularly. It helps the BED-WETTING victim to restrain, tends to increase strength of sphincter and detrusor muscles controlling urination. Many cases have discontinued the use of DRY-TABS after a short time and found they were functioning normally. So BED-WETTING victims do not have to be slaves to any kind of medication if their case is of the type that responds to the re-training power of DRY-TABS. This is probably one of the greatest advancements ever made in BED-WETTING therapy. Yes, once DRY-TABS stops BED-WETTING, the use may no longer be required, normal functioning and control may be developed almost miraculously. So don't hesitate a minute longer. Order DRY-TABS Today!

DRY-TABS Amazing Formula Effective in 75% of Cases



CASE NO. 1. Healthy, intelligent boy, 9 years old. BED-WETTING since infancy. Child could not break habit. All other medication failed. DRY-TABS formula taken for two three-week periods. Child has remained well for the past three years.

CASE NO. 2. Normal boy, history of BED-WETTING since infancy. Child had no organic defect. Various cures failed. Put on DRY-TABS formula regimen. After a month, habit suddenly stopped.



CASE NO. 3. Male, aged 23 years. BED-WETTING since birth. Many forms of treatment failed. Unable to accept invitation to sleep out overnight. Recently married, and embarrassed by habit. After formula taken, wet bed the first two nights but never since that time.

CASE NO. 4. Girl, aged 6 years. Wet bed since infancy. Nervous, irritable. DRY-TABS formula administered for regular period. BED-WETTING stopped almost immediately. Slight relapse. Formula administered again. Child responded immediately once more, and history reveals no further relapses.



CASE NO. 5. Man, 46 years old, wet "heavily." Medication started. Wet during second week and continued to wet when medication was withdrawn for following week. Restarted after rest period, and after five-day treatment seemed to retain control of bladder function.

CASE NO. 6. Woman, 16 years old. DRY-TABS formula administered for 6 days. Improvement, upon withdrawal of medication, improvement remained. Continued gradual return of control. One year without formula and control is adequate.



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STOPS "BED-WETTING"

Without Electrical Devices...
Rubber Sheets... Alarms...

Ends Shame, Discomfort,
Inconvenience
Almost Miraculously!

WHY endure the needless shame, embarrassment, humiliation... the discomfort and distress of this unfortunate habit? Why put up with the daily nuisance of changing and washing bed linen and clothes? Why suffer the mortification of foul smelling bedrooms... the expense of ruined furniture... the danger of catching cold and infectious rashes?

Doctors agree that BED-WETTING can cause nervousness, stuttering and emotional disturbances in children, very often seriously affecting their future and character, making them "psychological cripples."

But now the disgrace and danger of BED-WETTING can very easily be a thing of the past with amazing new DRY-TABS. At last, medical science has discovered a safe, new, easy way to stop BED-WETTING without electrical devices... without rubber sheets, alarms or special diets and without interrupting needed sleep. DRY-TABS, in easy-to-take tablet form, does away with BED-WETTING as painlessly, easily and simply as swallowing an aspirin. Yes, almost miraculously, amazing, safe DRY-TABS, used as directed, help stop functional BED-WETTING... relieve tension and strain, often the underlying cause in most cases of this unfortunate habit. Now, for the first time, safe DRY-TABS can be obtained without prescription.

DEVELOPED AFTER YEARS OF EXTENSIVE HOSPITAL AND CLINICAL RESEARCH AS REVEALED IN MEDICAL LITERATURE

The discoveries of science, many times, are brought about by indirect means. Take the case of the exclusive DRY-TABS formula. Medical practitioners chanced upon this formula while they were investigating a remedy for another illness. Noting the remarkable effect that this formula had upon BED-WETTING they concentrated their efforts on this new data and developed the formula to its present state of perfection. The result is the new DRY-TABS, a remarkable tablet that has brought new hope to thousands of tormented victims of BED-WETTING. Before this formula was released to the public, it was tested in clinics and hospitals by medical scientists on controlled groups of patients. The DRY-TABS formula is the result of thorough medical research, the same kind of research and care that is given to any product that is to be placed in the hands of the public. Chalk up BED-WETTING as one more ailment that has been conquered by the men of science. Think of it, no expensive electrical device, cumbersome rubber sheets, special diets or mechanical alarms. Just a wonderful new tablet... DRY-TABS... product of medical research... offering the hope of a new future for all these sufferers of BED-WETTING. Be sure to order DRY-TABS today!

ADULTS: START LIVING A NORMAL LIFE TONIGHT!

Scientific tests actually prove DRY-TABS to be 75% effective in stopping this unfortunate habit—even after years of torment! Ends the constant worry of overnight hotel stops and fear of public embarrassment while napping on trains and buses. Don't wait another day. If your loved ones suffer the humiliation, the disgrace, insecurity and helplessness only BED-WETTING can cause, order DRY-TABS NOW! Easy to take, can be dissolved in water if necessary. Just follow simple directions.

MAKE THIS HOME TEST: Here is your guarantee of satisfaction. Try are not completely overjoyed with DRY-TABS for the prescribed period. If you WETTING, your purchase price will be refunded. Accept this no-risk offer. Order DRY-TABS now!

SEND NO MONEY: Just name and address for generous 3-week supply. On arrival pay postman only \$3.00 per package plus C.O.D. charges on guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

GARY PHARMACAL CO., Dept. 840-A,
7508 Suginaw Avenue, Chicago 49, Illinois

Please send me 3-week supply of DRY-TABS on guarantee BED-WETTING must be stopped or money back.

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$3.00 per package plus postage.
- ☐ Cash enclosed, we pay all postage.
- ☐ Send 2 packages (6-week supply) for \$5.50.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

(Printed in the United States of America)

TERROR OF THE BURNING CORPSE

COREY, YOU'VE IMPERSONATED ME TOO WELL... YOU'VE REALLY BECOME ME!... AND THUS BROUGHT ME BACK FROM THE DEAD... NOW YOU TOO WILL BE DEAD LIKE ME... THAT YOU DIDN'T EXPECT, DID YOU?

MY LEGS... THEY'RE GETTING STIFF... MY ARMS... MY NECK... WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME, TONY? I DON'T WANT TO DIE... GO BACK... GO BACK... TO YOUR GRAVE!



STRANGE, EERIE POWERS WERE YOURS... WITH THEM, YOU HAD REACHED THE PEAK OF SUCCESS... AS THE GREAT IMPERSONATOR... EVERYTIME YOU IMITATED A GREAT DEAD PERSON OF THE PAST... YOU WERE SO GOOD... SO PERFECT, YOU FELT A CHILL COME OVER YOUR BODY, YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM... FOR A FEW MOMENTS YOU ACTUALLY FELT YOU BECAME THE DEAD ONE YOU IMPERSONATED... AND THEN YOU USED YOUR ODD SKILL IN PRIVATE LIFE... TO KILL, AND THEN BECAME YOUR HATED RIVAL, TONY LONDON... IT WAS AN AMAZING SUCCESS, FOOLED EVEN NIKKI, BUT YOU HADN'T COUNTED ON THE RETURN OF THE BURNED CORPSE... HAD YOU?

THE BRAVOS, THE CLAPPING HANDS OF THE HUGE AUDIENCE RING IN YOUR EARS, COREY!

AS YOU IMITATE THE GREAT ACTOR, WITH YOUR PERFECT MAKEUP, YOU FEEL THE CYNICAL SMILE, THE BORED DROOPING OF YOUR EYELIDS, AS THOUGH YOU ACTUALLY WERE THE GREAT BARRYMORE, HIMSELF!



BRAVO! LOOK, HE'S JOHN BARRYMORE!

WONDERFUL! IT SEEMS LIKE THE VERY DEAD ENTER HIS BODY!



ALAS, POOR YORICK...

YES, I COULD BE ANYONE I CHOOSE!

YOU HEAR ACCOLADES FROM YOUR FELLOW PERFORMERS IN THE WINGS... BUT YOU STRAIN TO HEAR THE VOICE OF JUST ONE... NIKKI!



THAT COREY IS AMAZING! Y'KNOW, IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS... HE SEEMS TO BE THE DEAD PEOPLE HE IMITATES! IT DOESN'T SEEM LIKE AN ACT AT ALL!

THE WEARINESS, THE SWEETNESS, THE QUIET DIGNITY OF THE GREAT PRESIDENT ALL COME OVER YOU AS A HUSH FILLS THE AUDITORIUM!



THIS NATION SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH

I WONDER IF NIKKI'S WATCHING ME...

AS EVERYONE FAWNS ON YOU, YOUR EYES ARE SEEKING NIKKI! IF ONLY HER HEART WOULD TURN TO YOU... THEN YOUR SUCCESS WOULD HAVE MEANING!



YOU'RE A GREAT ARTIST, COREY! HOW DO YOU DO IT? IT SEEMS LIKE YOU BROUGHT LINCOLN BACK TO LIFE!

WHERE... WHERE'S NIKKI?

THEN YOU SEE HER... AND YOUR HEART LEAPS AT HER BEAUTY!



I HEAR YOU WERE MARVELOUS TODAY COREY! CONGRATULATIONS!

DO I GET A REWARD, NIKKI?

AS HER SOFT LIPS BRUSH YOUR CHEEK, YOU STOP BREATHING! WHAT DOES THIS KISS MEAN? IS SHE FINALLY SOFTENING?



SURE THING, COREY! HOW'S THIS?

AN UPSURGE OF HOPE FILLS YOU WITH JOY! YOU WILL ASK NIKKI TO DINNER TONIGHT!



BEN, TAKE THIS NOTE TO MISS NIKKI!

YESSIR!

YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHOOLBOY WAITING BREATHLESSLY FOR THE ANSWER!



SORRY, SIR, MISS NIKKI'S NOWHERE IN THE THEATRE...

IMPOSSIBLE! I'LL GO LOOK FOR MYSELF!

THAT'S TONY'S ROOM, I'LL ASK HIM IF HE KNOWS WHERE NIKKI IS! BUT THAT'S HER VOICE!



ANGER FILLS YOU AS YOU SEE TONY HOLDING NIKKI IN HIS ARMS AS SHE CLINGS TO HIM!



SHE PICKS A YOUNG SQUIRT, A JUGGLER... IN PLACE OF ME!



BACK IN YOUR DRESSING ROOM YOU TRY TO MASTER YOUR EMOTIONS / YOU HAVE TWO WEEKS TO TRY TO WIN NIKKI FROM THAT JUGGLER!



I CAN EVEN JUGGLE AS WELL AS TONY, I COULD DO ANYTHING... I COULD!

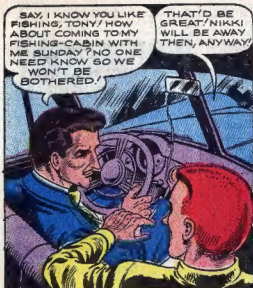


AN INSPIRATION COMES TO YOU / YOU KNOW HOW TO WIN NIKKI AFTER ALL!

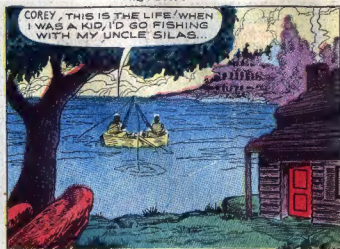


YOU WAIT FOR TONY TO LEAVE THE THEATRE!





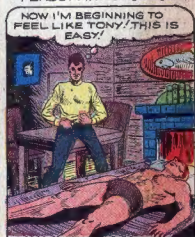
IT ISN'T DIFFICULT TO STUDY TONY...SUCH A SIMPLE, NICE CHAP! YOU WATCH CLOSELY HIS FACIAL EXPRESSIONS, LISTEN TO HIS VOICE, LEARN HIS HISTORY!



YOU FEEL SURE YOU KNOW ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT TONY? NOW TO GET RID OF HIM WITHOUT BLOOD OR VIOLENCE! NOW FOR THE SLEEPING PILL IN THE COFFEE CUP!

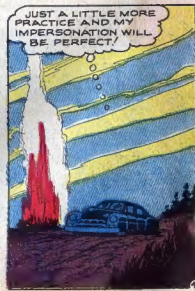


YOU DRESS IN TONY'S CLOTHES. YOU AGAIN FEEL THAT SUBTLE CHANGE COME OVER YOU WHEN YOU START IMPERSONATING SOMEONE!



AS THE TWIGS START TO CRACKLE...

THE GREEDY FIRE ATE THE WALLS OF THE CABIN AND THE BODY OF TONY UNTIL ONLY ASHES WERE LEFT!



YOU KNOW NIKKI WON'T BE EASY TO FOOL...YOU HAVE TWO WEEKS...YOU WORK HARD CHANGING INTO TONY..FIRST YOUR FACE...YOUR ARMS, YOUR LEGS, YOUR WALK, YOUR VOICE, ALL LIKE TONY'S!



NOW I LOOK LIKE TONY...



ACT LIKE HIM...



WALK LIKE HIM...



TALK LIKE HIM...

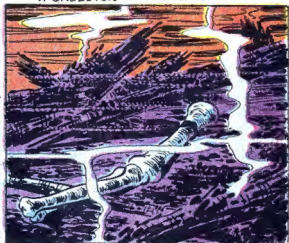
YOU WORK HARDER AND SOON YOU FEEL YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY PERFECT!



NOW I AM TONY...ALL I NEED IS TO MASTER HIS JUGGLING ACT!

BUT WHAT YOU DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT A PERFECT IMPERSONATION OF A RECENT DEAD BY A LIVING BEING COULD BRING TO LIFE THE SILENT DEAD!

THEN AS YOU BECAME PERFECT, A STRANGE THING WAS HAPPENING TO TONY'S BLACKENED CORPSE! IT'S ARMS...IT'S LEGS...IT'S FACE WAS CHANGING FROM ASHES TO A SKELETON OF THE DEAD!



YOU BECOME VERY IMPATIENT WHEN YOU KNOW NIKKI'S BACK AND YOU WANT TO SEE THE EFFECT OF YOUR IMPERSONATION YOU HURRY STRAIGHT TO HER HOUSE!



OH, TONY DARLING, I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU, BUT I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME!

I COULDN'T WAIT TO SEE YOU!
IT WORKS! SHE THINKS I'M TONY.

I MISSED YOU. OH, DARLING, IN A FEW DAYS WE'LL BE MARRIED!



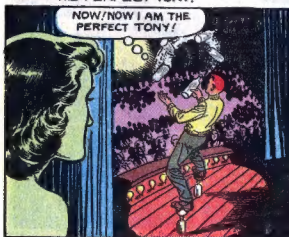
NEXT MORNING YOU ARRIVE AT THE THEATRE EARLY, TO PRACTICE THE JUGGLING ACT!

ISN'T THE NEWS TERRIBLE, MR. TONY? THEY JUST FOUND COREY BURNED TO DEATH IN HIS FISHING CABIN! AWFUL ACCIDENT!

TERRIBLE!
IT'S WORKING JUST AS I PLANNED! COREY NO LONGER EXISTS AND I AM COMPLETELY TONY!



WITH A PRAISE THUNDERING FROM THE AUDIENCE, AND NIKKI WATCHING ADORINGLY FROM THE WINGS, YOU KNOW THAT YOU HAVE MASTERED HIS ACT... NOW YOU ARE THE PERFECT TONY!



NOW! NOW! I AM THE PERFECT TONY!

AT THE SAME MOMENT THAT YOU ARE ENJOYING YOUR VICTORY, YOU HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING WHAT IS HAPPENING AT THE SITE OF THE BURNED CABIN, AGAIN THERE WERE STIRRINGS IN THE ASHES! YES... THE ASHES HAD BECOME A CORPSE!



YOU MAY FEEL A CHILL COURSE THROUGH YOUR BODY, BUT YOU CANNOT KNOW THAT A CORPSE HAS ARISEN FROM DEATH AND IS COMING CLOSER... EVER CLOSER!



AFTER YOUR PERFORMANCE, YOU HURRY TO YOUR DRESSING ROOM!

I... I... HAVE A CHILL! BRRRR!

TONY, DARLING, KEEP WARM! I'LL GO BRING YOU SOME TEA!



YOU ARE ALONE A FEW MOMENTS WHEN YOU LOOK UP TO SEE...



YES, YOU ARE STIFFENING! TONY IS RIGHT... YOU'RE REALLY BECOMING HIM AS HE IS NOW! YOU CAN'T STOP!



AS TWO OF THE ACTORS PLACE YOUR BODY ON THE SOFA, YOU LISTEN IN TERROR TO WHAT THEY ARE SAYING...



IS IT YOUR FEVERED IMAGINATION, YOU WONDER? THAT CAN'T BE TONY! HE'S DEAD, BURNED TO A CRISP!



THAT'S TONY! HE SCREAMED!



YOU LIE ON THE FLOOR, STIFF, PARALYZED, UNABLE TO TALK, AND YOU SEE NIKKI'S HORRIFIED STARE...



BUT NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU! THE END!

In 10 Minutes of **FUN** a day I changed myself

Now, Buddy **YOU**

Mail the
Coupon below
as I did!
May be **LAST**
CHANCE be-
fore \$1 price
goes back!

GET ALL THESE
PICTURE
PACKED
COUPONS
5
FREE

If you mail
coupon **NOW!**

Millions
have
been sold
at \$1.



Ken
GRIMM
AFTER
MAILING
COUPON

from this
Bloodless, Pitiful
**SKINNY
SHRIMP**

Ken Grimm **BEFORE**
mailing
coupon

to
this

**NEW MUSCULAR
RED-BLOODED
HEAD-TO-TOE
HE-MAN!**

I just

**GAINED
35 NEW LBS.**
OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED
MUSCLES!

You can do the same
as I and **THOUSANDS** have
You can add **10 inches** to your **CHEST**
6 inches to each **ARM** and
the rest in proportion as I did.

NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY, WEAK or FLABBY** any more
just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did.

Besides getting **ALL 5 Courses** (pictured on this page) **FREE** (MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR \$1.)
you'll **ALSO** get **FREE** a big **BOOK** of **PHOTOS** of **STRONG MEN**
and **BOYS** who were **WEAKLINGS** like you **BEFORE** mailing coupon.

THIS THRILLING BOOK WILL ALSO TELL YOU

HOW YOU

**CAN WIN
A BIG 15" TALL
SILVER CUP
as I just did
and how to**

WIN

\$100.

LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1 FIVE COURSES 2 MUSCLE-METER
3 Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. MC-44

Tell Me How To
WIN \$100, etc.

James Corbett
present in
World for
Building
an Ideal
HE-MAN
-B F Kelly
Physical
Director

ROBERT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Robert's Photo Book of
Strong Men, and a Muscle Meter, and all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest; 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm; 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip; 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back; 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. How are you?
Yours, "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND ONE
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (NO C.O.D.'S)

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

MAIL NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS and DOLLARS!



PAY DOCTOR BILLS



PAY INSURANCE



PAY OLD DEBTS



HOME REPAIRS

Borrow Money BY MAIL! ON YOUR OWN SIGNATURE

ANY AMOUNT

\$50⁰⁰ to \$600⁰⁰

Quick—Easy—Private—Confidential

No Matter Where You Live in the U.S.—You Can Borrow from State Finance
No Endorsers or Co-Signers Needed—Complete Privacy Assured!

So much easier than calling on friends and relatives . . . so much more business-like . . . to borrow the money you need BY MAIL from fifty-year old State Finance Company. No matter where you live in the U. S., you can borrow any amount from \$50.00 to \$600.00, entirely by mail in complete privacy without asking anyone to co-sign or endorse your loan. Friends, neighbors, employer . . . will NOT know you are applying for a loan. Convenient monthly budget payments. If loan is repaid ahead of time, you pay ONLY for the time you actually use the money! If you are over 25 years of age and steadily employed, simply mail the coupon below for your FREE Loan Application and Loan Papers. State amount you want to borrow. Everything you need to make a loan by return mail will be sent to you in a plain envelope! So mail the coupon below today!

Thousands of Men and Women Like Yourself Use Our
Confidential By-Mail Loan Service

Repay in Convenient Monthly Installments

Monthly payments are made to fit your budget best. You can start paying six weeks after the loan is made, and repay in convenient monthly payments out of your future earnings. The cost of the loan is regulated by the laws of the State of Nebraska. For example, if the loan is repaid ahead

of time, you pay only for the time you use the money . . . not one day longer! One out of three applicants get cash on their signature only. Furniture and auto loans are also made. No matter in which state you live, you can borrow from State Finance Company in complete confidence.

Clip and Mail Coupon Below for Fast Action

FREE LOAN PAPERS

NO OBLIGATION

CONFIDENTIAL

Complete privacy is assured. No one knows you are applying for a loan. All details are handled in the privacy of your own home, and entirely by mail. ONLY YOU AND WE KNOW ABOUT IT!

IMPORTANT

You must be at least 25 years old to borrow by mail from State Finance.

If you are over 25 years of age and steadily employed, simply mail the coupon below for your Loan Application, sent to you in a plain envelope. There is no obligation, and you'll get fast action. You can get the money you need to pay doctor or hospital bills, to pay for a vacation, a trip, or for schooling, or for any other purpose. This money is here, waiting for you, so rush this coupon today!

Old Reliable Company— MORE THAN 50 YEARS OF SERVICE

STATE FINANCE COMPANY was organized in 1897. During the past 54 years, we have helped over 1,000,000 men and women in all walks of life. Confidential loans are made all over America, in all 48 states. We are licensed by the Banking Department of the State of Nebraska to do business under the Small Loan Law.

You'll enjoy borrowing this easy, confidential, convenient way from this old, responsible company in whom you can place the greatest confidence.



STATE FINANCE COMPANY

Dept. N-94, 323 Securities Bldg.
Omaha 2, Nebraska

STATE FINANCE COMPANY

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

Dept. N-94, 323 Securities Bldg., Omaha 2, Neb.

Without obligation rush full details in plain envelope, with FREE Loan Application and Loan Papers for my signature, if I decide to borrow.

Name

Address

City State

Occupation Age

Amount you want to borrow \$

HOUSE OF HORROR

IT BROODED ALONE... SILENT AND MYSTERIOUS... HEH, HEH... BUT IT HAD NOT ALWAYS BEEN SILENT! ONCE, IT HAD BEEN A MAGNIFICENT MANSION, THE TENNANT HOUSE! BUT NOW, IT WAS A FEARFUL, DECAYING MENACE! HIGH ON IT'S WINDY HILL OVERLOOKING THE TOWN, IT HAD LONG BEEN BLAMED FOR EVERY STRANGE DEATH THAT CAME TO THE ANCIENT TOWN! VAMPIRISM, THE WEARY PEASANTS SAID, COULD ONLY COME FROM ONE PLACE... THE TENNANT HOUSE! THEN AT LAST, THE EVIL BUILDING WAS BURNED DOWN, BUT THE GRUESOME DEATHS CONTINUED, MORE MYSTERIOUSLY THAN EVER! THE TOWNS-FOLK AGAIN KEPT THE CHILDREN CLOSE TO THE VILLAGE, WARNING THEM FEARFULLY OF THE AWFUL MENACE OF THE **HOUSE OF HORROR**... THE HOUSE OF TENNANT! LISTEN TO ME, THE OLD WITCH OF TERROR, WHILE I TELL YOU IT'S EERIE TALE...



YOU CAN'T LEAVE THIS HOUSE, GENA! THIS IS WHERE YOU BELONG! COME BACK!

GOODBYE, KARL! I BELONG TO LIFE, NOT DEATH!

THE USUALLY TALKATIVE THREE MEMBERS OF THE TOWN COUNCIL, JOHN PERRY, SAM CARTER AND FRANK MUNSON, WERE NOW WRAPPED IN SILENCE AS THEY VENTURED ONLY TO THE FOOT OF THE HILL ON TOP OF WHICH THE TENNANT HOUSE HOVERED LIKE A BIRD OF PREY! THEY HUDDLED TOGETHER SEEKING MUTUAL PROTECTION FROM THE COLD RAIN AND FEAR OF THE ANCIENT HOUSE...

IT MUST BE BURNED DOWN, SAM!

YES, JOHN! WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY THIS NEST OF GHOSTS AND VAMPIRES!

WE WARNED OLD KARL KOSTEN, THE CARETAKER, TO COME OUT BUT HE WON'T LISTEN!

THE FIRE WILL DRIVE HIM OUT!

John D'Agostino

ABOUT
TO
LEAVE.
THE
THREE
MEN
HEARD
A
SHRILL
ANGRY
VOICE...
KARL,
THE
OLD
CARE-
TAKER...



STOP, JOHN PERRY, AND YOU, SAM AND FRANK! DON'T YOU DARE GO MOLESTIN' THE TENNANT HOUSE! IT'S NOT FOR YOU TO BURN DOWN PRIVATE PROPERTY!

BETTER COME OUT KARL, TOMORROW WE'LL BURN YOU WITH THE PLACE!

LET'S NOT BOTHER WITH THAT OLD CRACK-POT! WE'VE WARNED HIM!



FRIGHTENED BY THE STRANGE DEATHS IN THEIR TOWN, THE COUNCIL HAD VOTED THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TENNANT HOUSE! NOW, AS THEY SET IT AIRE, THE SUPERSTITIOUS VILLAGERS SILENTLY WATCHED...

HURRAH FOR THE TOWN COUNCIL!

THAT SHOULD BE THE END OF THE VAMPIRES!

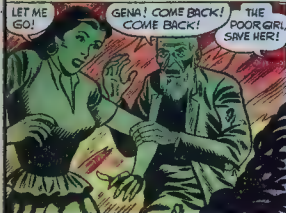


SUDDENLY, ALL EYES SPIED KARL AND A YOUNG GIRL EMERGE FROM THE BURNING DOORWAY, INVOLUNTARILY, WOMEN SCREAMED, MEN SHOUTED WARNINGS...

LET ME GO!

GENA! COME BACK! COME BACK!

THE POOR GIRL SAVE HER!



QUICK AS A FLASH, YOUNG ADAM PERRY CAUGHT UP THE FRAIL GIRL IN HIS ARMS AND CARRIED HER TO SAFETY...



HOLD ON TO ME!

LOOK! ADAM PERRY 'SAVED' THE GIRL! WHO IS SHE? HOW STRANGE!



BUT THE OLD CARE-TAKER RUSHED BACK TO HIS ANCIENT HOUSE AND WAS CONSUMED BY THE FLAMES...

I'LL HAVE VENGEANCE!



JOHN PERRY AND HIS WIFE FELT UNEASY THAT ADAM BROUGHT THE STRANGE GIRL TO THEIR HOUSE...

SORRY, FATHER, BUT GENA HAS NO ONE TO TURN TO, SO I BROUGHT HER HERE!

HUMPH! I NEVER HEARD OF A GIRL LIVING IN THE TENNANT HOUSE! ARE YOU OF THE TENNANT FAMILY?

YES, THE LAST! OLD KARL KEPT ME PRISONER TO PROTECT ME!



YOU'RE SHIVERING, GENA!

THANK YOU, ADAM!

NO USE STANDING THERE! COME, GENA, I'LL SHOW YOU TO A ROOM FOR TONIGHT!



AS JOHN PERRY AND HIS WIFE PREPARED FOR BED...

THAT FOOL ADAM BRINGING THAT... THAT GIRL TO OUR HOUSE!

I CAN'T BELIEVE, HER STORY! IMAGINE SAYING OLD KARL KEPT HER PRISONER!



THE WHOLE HOUSE HAD BEEN ASLEEP WHEN THE STILLNESS WAS PIERCED BY A HIGH SCREAM, QUAVERING, THEN DYING DOWN...



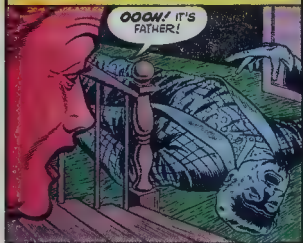
ARRRRRRH!

WHAT'S THAT? JOHN! WHERE CAN HE BE?



THERE, SPRAWLED ON THE FLOOR IN THE AWKWARDNESS OF DEATH, WAS THE BODY OF JOHN PERRY...

OOOH! IT'S FATHER!



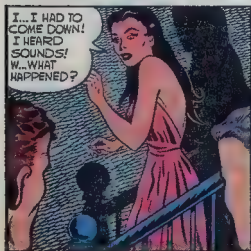
HE'S SO PALE... DRAINED OF BLOOD!

A **VAMPIRE!** EVEN THOUGH THE TENNANT HOUSE WAS BURNED DOWN... NOW WHO CAN IT BE?



SUDDENLY ADAM AND HIS MOTHER LOOKED UP... AND THERE STOOD GENA...

I... I HAD TO COME DOWN! I HEARD SOUNDS! W...WHAT HAPPENED?



MY... HUSBAND IS... **DEAD!** HIS BLOOD WAS DRAINED BY A VAMPIRE!



THROUGH HER GRIEF, MRS. PERRY BITTERLY OBSERVED THAT ADAM WOULD NOT LET ANY BODY SUSPECT THE PRETTY GENA...



OH, ADAM, I'M SO TERRIBLY SORRY! THIS IS AWFUL!

DON'T YOU WORRY, GENA! I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

THE WHOLE TOWN WAS AGOG OVER THE LATEST TRAGEDY... AND JOHN PERRY'S TWO FELLOW COUNCILMEN CALLED ON ADAM...

OBVIOUSLY, THE VAMPIRE IS STILL LOOSE. THOUGH THAT HOUSE WAS BURNED DOWN!



IN FACT, WE'VE GOT SUSPICIONS!

I KNOW YOU THINK IT'S GENA, THE LAST OF THE TENNANTS! YOU'RE WRONG!

I HAVE TO LEAVE NOW, BUT REMEMBER, ADAM, THE VAMPIRE GOT YOUR FATHER BECAUSE HE WAS ON THE TOWN COUNCIL! I'M AFRAID FOR THE REST OF JS!

IT MUST BE GENA! WE HAD THE HOUSE BURNED DOWN, EVEN OLD KOSTEN!

MAYBE SO, BUT IT'S NOT GENA! SHE'S A GOOD AND LOVELY GIRL!



AS FRANK MUNSON AND ADAM CONTINUED TO THRASH OUT THE PROBLEM, A HORRIBLE SCREAM FROZE THEIR BLOOD...

ARRGH! OOH...

WHAT'S THAT?



LET'S GO!

IT'S SAM... DEAD! TWO HOLES IN HIS NECK! HIS BLOOD WAS DRAINED!

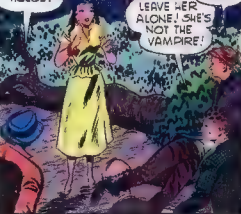


YES, THE SIGN OF THE VAMPIRE! MAYBE I'M NEXT... WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

SUDDENLY, THE SHOCKED GROUP TURNED THEIR FACES TOWARD THE SHRUBBERY FROM WHICH EMERGED THE FIGURE OF GENA...



LOOK! IT'S THAT GIRL FROM THE TENNANT HOUSE!



I... I HEARD THE NOISE! ADAM, WHAT HAPPENED? MAYBE... YOU SHOULD TELL US..

LEAVE HER ALONE! SHE'S NOT THE VAMPIRE!

FOR DAYS, ADAM PROTECTED GENA AND AS THINGS WILL HAPPEN BETWEEN MAN AND MAID, LOVE CAME THEIR WAY...

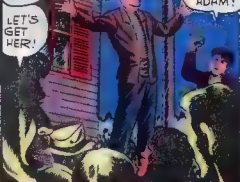
I LOVE YOU, GENA!



OH, ADAM, MY DARLING!

A WEEK PASSED AND NOW, AN AROUSED CITIZENRY GATHERED...

... AND ALL THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO THAT GIRL, GENA! SHE MUST BE DESTROYED BEFORE SHE DESTROYS US!



LET'S GET HER!

YOU WON'T STOP US, ADAM!

BUT ONE THOUGHT FILLED ADAM PERRY'S MIND... TO GET GENA AWAY BEFORE THE MOB REACHED HER...

LET'S GET HER! THEY'RE CRAZY! GENA'S INNOCENT! I MUST SAVE HER!



RUNNING AT TOP SPEED, ADAM WAS NEARING THE BURNED DOWN TENNANT HOUSE WHEN HE SPIED A SUSPICIOUS LOOKING OBJECT NEAR THE GATE...



WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS... LIKE A... BODY!

OH, **NO!** IT'S FRANK M'NISON! THE VAMPIRE AGAIN!



THE SOUNDS OF SCUFFLING MADE ADAM TURN TO SEE GENA RUNNING TOWARD HIM...



ADAM, DARLING, SAVE ME! THE TOWNSPEOPLE...

FOR THE FIRST TIME, ADAM WAS STRUCK BY GENA'S PRESENCE WHEREVER A BODY WAS FOUND! A COLD SHUDDER COURSED THROUGH HIM...



YOU... **HERE?** AND HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THE TOWNSPEOPLE?

ADAM'S TENDERNESS, HIS LOVE FOR GENA SUDDENLY TURNED TO LOATHING AS HE THOUGH OF THE BLOOD-SUCKING VAMPIRE AND THE BODIES OF THE THREE MEN...

GENA, TELL ME THE TRUTH... ARE YOU A VAMPIRE?



ADAM, YOU'RE HURTING ME! TRUST ME!

THEY TURNED THEIR HEADS AS THEY HEARD THE OMINOUS RUMBLE OF EXCITED VOICES... AND SAW AN ANGRY CROWD APPROACHING...



WHERE'S THAT GIRL, GENA! WE WANT HER!

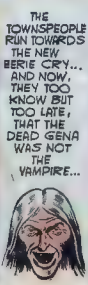
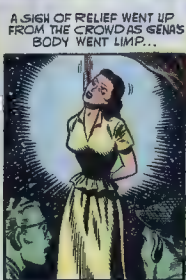
ADAM, ADAM, SAVE ME!

AFTER WHAT YOU DID TO MY FATHER, AND HIS FRIENDS?

TAKE HER! WE'VE GOT THE VAMPIRE AT LAST!



NO! NO!



HORROR OF THE DROWNED

By ELLEN LYNN

THE news of Tom's death came to Arlene as a terrible shock.

I loved my niece Arlene as a daughter and tried to take her mother's place when my sister Grace died; I was with Arlene when the tragic news about Tom reached her.

When Arlene fell in love with Tom Bradley she was only sixteen, but she gave her whole romantic heart to the quiet, handsome young man the moment she met him—and he knew he had become equally smitten with her. Their love was a beautiful thing to see—a charming idyll. And I felt sure my dead sister would have been pleased with Arlene's choice of a husband. But, perhaps because she was so very young and romantic, Arlene's love was so intense it worried me. She seemed only to live for the moment when she could be with Tom, and everything else became subordinate to their meetings. Just because she sensed my worry, she grew pale and thin, and I was deciding in my own mind that an early marriage might restore the normal balance of her life. Then Tom came with the news that he was to leave almost at once for—KOREA—with his regiment.

For Tom's sake Arlene knew she had to take this blow calmly; she did not even suggest that they be married before Tom left for Korea. When they said goodbye she was pale and her eyes were red-rimmed, but no tears were shed. Only a soft promise from Tom that he would come back soon and claim his bride.

She waited for Tom's letters as she had previously waited for him. She retreated into herself living only for Tom's return and finally I took her away to my little place in the country where I thought she might better adjust herself to Tom's absence. The long quiet lake on which my house was situated proved a strong attraction for her and every possible day she was out in her canoe or small outboard motorboat, mostly thinking of Tom.

Then the day arrived when the fatal telegram about Tom reached her. His boat had been hit and he had been drowned while they were trying to make a landing near Seoul. I'll never forget how Arlene looked reading that wire. She was very still—then she looked up at me, wild-eyed, frightened, the sheet fluttering from her fingers. A piercing, shrill scream came from her lips, and she rushed from the house. I started after her but could not catch up with that fleet-footed creature

as she sped down to the lake front and got into the small motorboat floating at the little pier. Quickly she got the motor started and the chug-chug-chug faded into the distance as she rounded a bend.

I was terrified of what she might do and phoned a few neighbors around the lake to keep an eye out for Arlene. I told them the tragic news about Tom's drowning and they understood my anxiety for Arlene.

But toward dusk I could hear the chug-chug-chug once more and rushed out to the terrace to see my niece pulling the boat beside our dock. She walked up to the house slowly but soon I could see she had quieted down. I took her in my arms and kissed her with relief.

The next few days Arlene behaved very well. In fact after her daily boat ride she'd return in rather cheerful spirits—for her. I knew that somehow she felt closer to Tom, alone on that silent lake.

Then one day she came running up from the lake, breathless, eyes shining. "Oh, Aunt Betty—Aunt Betty! I've seen him! I've seen Tom!"

My heart stopped beating. Had her mind snapped? My poor, poor, little girl! "But, darling," I soothed, "how could you? Poor Tom's body is still in Korea . . ."

"No—no! He's on the bottom of the lake—over in the cove. I saw him, I saw him. He was smiling at me with that crooked little smile I love so much . . ."

I was heavy-hearted but I tried to divert Arlene as well as I could and one day I suggested we drive over to the state's fine, if small, art gallery where a loan collection was being shown, donated by local townsfolk. Arlene agreed and I was delighted that she would be willing to do anything that would take her "out of herself."

At the gallery I found the borrowed collection fascinating but Arlene wandered about by herself. Finally, just as I wished, I found her staring intently at the oil which I had donated to the exhibit. The artist, Sloan Faraday, was not first rate—but in this particular work he had risen to unsuspected heights of talent and it had actually won the coveted Beardsley Award. The subject was somewhat poetic and nebulous—an exquisite girl with alabaster face and enormous black eyes, flowing black hair, was floating gracefully in the arms of a creature half-man, half sea nymph; he seemed to be drawing her down,

down through the jade green waters. Both of them wore ambiguous smiles of great tenderness. There was a disturbing, haunting quality in the picture which had brought Farraday unexpected acclaim.

"Aunt—Aunt Betty. Tell me about this painting, please," Arlene asked, not taking her eyes away from it.

Then suddenly it dawned on me that Arlene may have heard some time the story of the picture and was transferring it to her own experience. Perhaps if I told her the legend behind it she'd realize what a fantasy she was building up in her mind, about Tom.

"Had you never heard the story of your great-great Aunt Annalee?" I asked her. "The artist of this picture, Sloan Farraday, had been in love with her and after her tragedy, he was inspired to paint this picture."

"I don't remember," Arlene answered, her eyes still glued to the canvas. "Tell me about it, Aunt Betty!" And this time her words were almost a command. A feeling of helplessness came over me and I proceeded to tell her the story.

"When our ancestor, Annalee, was a young girl she was betrothed to Sloan Farraday. Our house was the very house in which she lived and he lived with his family a short distance away. He had always been in love with her but she kept putting off a date of marriage. One day she came crying to her mother—that she would never marry Sloan, that she loved another man. She looked dreamily into her mother's eyes saying, 'Mother, you'll think me mad—but there's a beautiful man—at the bottom—of our lake. He's the most handsome creature I've ever seen and I love him with all my heart. He speaks to me and I know he loves me, too.' Her mother did indeed think her mad and tried to keep her protected from the world, hoping no one would find out. But some of the villagers in town had found out about Annalee's visions at the bottom of the lake. A strange fever spread in the community. People began to accuse Annalee of being a witch. A number of sudden tragedies, inexplicable, hit hard in the Maine village. With no previous illness, a baby suddenly screamed in the night and the next morning died. Cows and sheep were barren—without apparent cause! Fires started up out of nowhere. The superstitious townsfolk became panicky and looked for a scapegoat on which to pin all these terrible incidents. It was the age of witches. Rumor having gotten around about Annalee and her man at the bottom of the lake, the cry of Witch! Witch! began to be heard. Annalee's poor mother trembled for the safety of her daughter and one day a furious crowd, enflamed by a new onset of tragic occurrences,

came to this house and tore Annalee from her mother's arms. They tried her. She protested her own innocence, the poor girl begged them to go see for themselves that the man she loved who was at the bottom of the lake, but paying no attention to the ravings of a sick girl they tied her to a stake in the village and threw faggots around the base. Matches were struck and a crackling fire started to roar upward when suddenly a silence fell on the angry crowd and Annalee's lips parted in a joyful smile. A handsome young man, his green silk clothes dripping water, came through as the people, horrified, stepped aside. He loosened the cords binding Annalee, put out the fire with the constantly streaming water and carried the lovely, smiling girl away. Some who had followed them said he walked straight into the lake with Annalee in his arms—until they both disappeared under the water.

"So, dear Arlene," I ended the tale, "that's the fairy-tale legend of our ancestor, which they say, inspired her lovesick sweetheart, Sloan Farraday, to paint this charming poem in oils."

Arlene had listened to the whole story intently. Obviously just as I intended, she was thinking about the strange similarity between her vision—seeing Tom at the bottom of the lake—and that of our ancestor Annalee. I was sure that her mother, or someone, had told her the same legend, perhaps in her childhood, and by some quirk of the mind she imagined seeing Tom in the same way. I had hoped the story would cure her. I found it difficult to tear her away from her preoccupation with the picture. Something else must be done, I decided. We'll go back to the city and see if a psychiatrist can unravel the strange knots in my niece's mind. When I told her we were leaving, I saw her tremble violently.

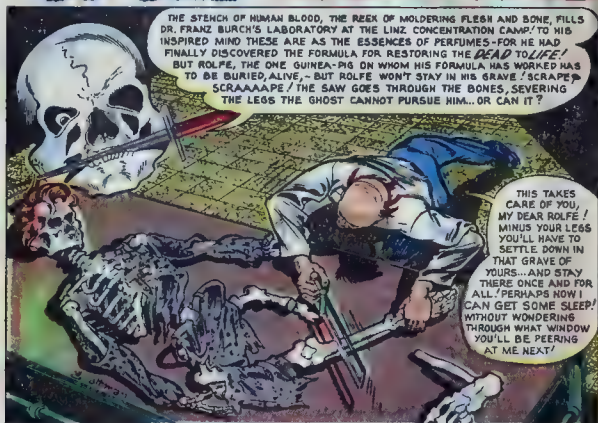
When the packing was finished I looked about for Arlene, ready to start back to the city. My hand leaped to my mouth in an impulse of fear as I saw her in her hat and coat running wildly down to the boat, saying, "I am coming, Tom." I let out a scream, calling her to come back—but she got in the boat. Just as it was rounding the bend, I saw—I saw—my niece stand up—wave back at me and jump. Her body was not recovered.

The next morning, grieving and wretched, I walked down to the dock to gaze into the watery grave Arlene had chosen when I saw something, bright-colored, drifting in toward me. It was a scarf: Fascinated, I picked up a long twig and pulled it in. I gasped when I recognized the scarf. It was the one Arlene had given Tom before he sailed for Korea!

HE END

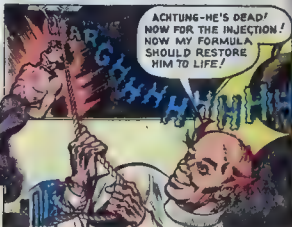
WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, MY VORACIOUS READERS - HA HA HA - I'M HYSTERICAL JUST THINKING ABOUT IT - A MURDERED CORPSE, DOWN TO HIS LAST LEGS, JUST A BONY, SKELETAL, COLLECTION OF CLANKING VERTEBRAE, LOSES THOSE LEGS - BUT CONTINUES TO WALK THE EARTH CREATING THE...

TERROR OF THE STOLEN LEGS

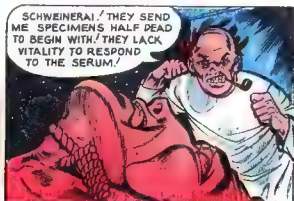


DARK NIGHT - THIN, COLD MOONLIGHT - SETTLES ON THE NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP AT LINZ / A WHISTLING WIND BREAKS THE AWFUL STILLNESS AND THE TREAD OF THE ARMED GUARD / THEN A PIERCING SHRIEK RENDS THE AIR, EMINATING FROM THE LIGHTED WINDOW, THE LABORATORY OF SURGEON DR. FRANZ BURCH!

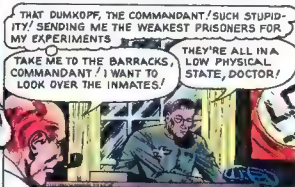
A LOUD SHRIEK... AND ONCE MORE, STILLNESS! THE RATTLE OF DEATH IS OVER! DR. BURCH, BRILLIANT NAZI SCIENTIST, IS EXPERIMENTING WITH LIFE AND DEATH, WITH THE LIVING INMATES OF THE LINZ CONCENTRATION CAMP AS HIS GUINEA-PIGS!



AN ANGRY CURSE BREAKS FROM THE COMPRESSED LIPS OF DR. BURCH! THE FORMULA FAILED TO WORK FOR THE TENTH TIME!



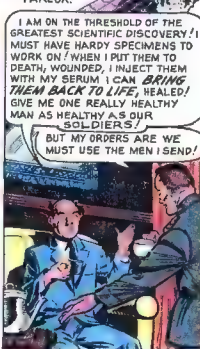
BURCH KEEPS HIS NERVES UNDER CONTROL WHEN HE CALLS ON COMMANDANT PAULUS! ONLY ONE THING IS AS IMPORTANT TO HIM AS HIS FORMULA... THE COMMANDANT'S DAUGHTER, MARGARET!



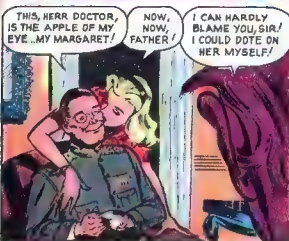
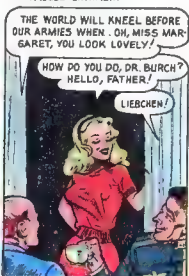
NO PITY, ONLY DISGUST—FILLS THE EYES OF BURCH INSPECTING THE STILL LIVING PROSPECTIVE VICTIMS FOR HIS EXPERIMENTS!



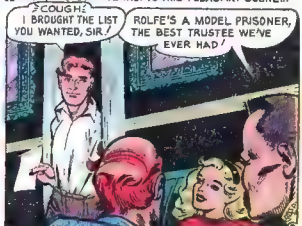
TEA TIME IN THE COMMANDANTS PARLOR!



HIS EYES GLEAM WITH STRANGE FIRE, HIS LONG, DELICATE FINGERS TWITCH WITH NERVOUS IMPATIENCE, AS DR. BURCH TALKS OF HIS GREAT DISCOVERY! UNTIL MARGARET PAULUS ENTERS...



A DISCREET COUGH INTERRUPTS THIS PLEASANT SCENE...





THAT
ROLFE... HE
DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE
A PRISONER!

HE'S A POLITICAL REN-
EGADE, INTELLIGENT
MAN- ER-I MEAN,
HE'S MISGUIDED,
BUT HE'S GOT BRAINS!
HE'S USEFUL IN MY
HOUSE!

DESPITE BURCH'S PASSION FOR MARG-
ARET, HE GETS SMALL ENCOURAGEMENT!

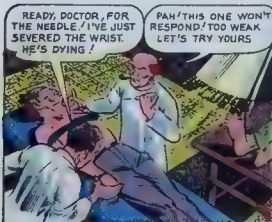
WHEN WILL YOU
HAVE DINNER WITH
ME, MARGARET?
ANY EVENING
YOU SAY.

SORRY, FRANZ,
I'M BUSY THESE
DAYS. PERHAPS
SOMETIME

BURCH LEAVES MARGARET,
UNABLE TO ADMIT THAT HE IS
BEING REBUFFED! AN EGOIST,
HE FINDS OTHER EXCUSES...

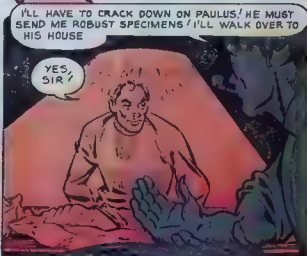
MARGARET IS SO YOUNG, SO
SHY. SHE CAN'T BELIEVE THAT
I, DR. BURCH, AM IN LOVE WITH
HER! I'LL HAVE TO
CONVINCE HER...

IN HIS LABORATORY, BURCH FINDS TWO SPECIMENS
AWAITING HIM... AND HE SETS TO WORK, THROWING
OFF HIS FANTASIES OF MARGARET!



READY, DOCTOR, FOR
THE NEEDLE! I'VE JUST
SEVERED THE WRIST.
HE'S DYING!

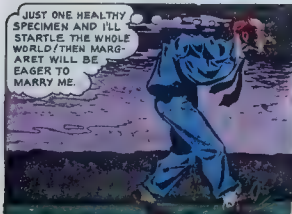
PAH! THIS ONE WON'T
RESPOND! TOO WEAK
LET'S TRY YOURS



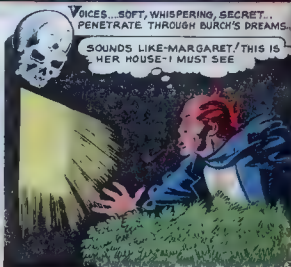
I'LL HAVE TO CRACK DOWN ON PAULUS! HE MUST
SEND ME ROBUST SPECIMENS! I'LL WALK OVER TO
HIS HOUSE

YES,
SIR!

PUTRID ODORS CLING TO BURCH-EVEN WHILE A WIND
BLOWS! HE CANNOT WALK OFF HIS TWO FRUSTRAT-
IONS... HIS SCIENTIFIC FAILURE AND HIS ROMANTIC
ONE - MARGARET!



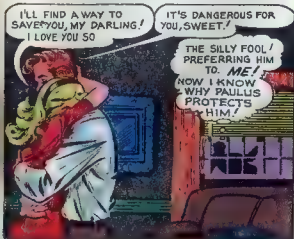
JUST ONE HEALTHY
SPECIMEN AND I'LL
STARTLE THE WHOLE
WORLD! THEN MARG-
ARET WILL BE
EAGER TO
MARRY ME.



VOICES... SOFT, WHISPERING, SECRET...
PENETRATE THROUGH BURCH'S DREAMS...

SOUNDS LIKE-MARGARET! THIS IS
HER HOUSE-I MUST SEE

THE SCENE CONFRONTING THE IMPORTANT NAZI SCIENTIST SHATTERS HIS ENTIRE BEING. MAKING HIM QUIVER FROM HEAD TO FOOT... MARGARET AND THE PRISONER... ROLFE!

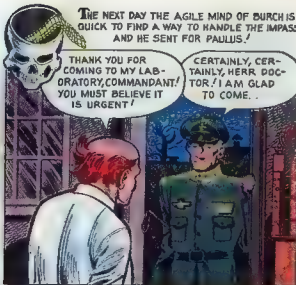


I'LL FIND A WAY TO SAVE YOU, MY DARLING! I LOVE YOU SO

IT'S DANGEROUS FOR YOU, SWEET!

THE SILLY FOOL! PREFERRING HIM TO ME! NOW I KNOW WHY PAULUS PROTECTS HIM!

THE NEXT DAY THE AGILE MIND OF BURCH IS QUICK TO FIND A WAY TO HANDLE THE IMPASSE... AND HE SENT FOR PAULUS!



THANK YOU FOR COMING TO MY LABORATORY, COMMANDANT! YOU MUST BELIEVE IT IS URGENT!

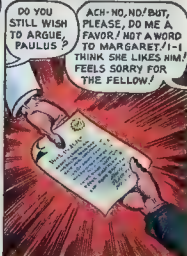
CERTAINLY, CERTAINLY, HERR DOCTOR! I AM GLAD TO COME.

WITH SINISTER RELISH, BURCH SLOWLY ENUNCIATED THE PRISONER'S NAME TO THE SHOCKED COMMANDANT...

R-O-L-F-E! YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS? WHY HE'S TO BE PARDONED!



PLAYING HIS TRUMP CARD, BURCH PASSES OFFICIAL ORDERS FROM THE HOME OFFICE TO THE TREMBLING COMMANDANT!



DO YOU STILL WISH TO ARGUE, PAULUS?

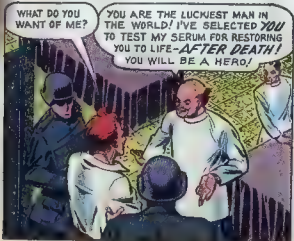
ACH NO, NO! BUT, PLEASE, DO ME A FAVOR! NOT A WORD TO MARGARET! I THINK SHE LIKES HIM! FEELS SORRY FOR THE FELLOW!



THERE IS ONE PRISONER WHO IS IDEAL FOR MY EXPERIMENT! I MUST HAVE HIM AT ONCE!

GLADLY, GLADLY, HERR DOCTOR! WHICH ONE?

PERHAPS THE KEENEST SATISFACTION COMES TO BURCH WHEN THE DEFIANT, HANDSOME ROLFE IS BROUGHT BEFORE HIM-IN CHAINS



WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?

YOU ARE THE LUCKIEST MAN IN THE WORLD! I'VE SELECTED YOU TO TEST MY SERUM FOR RESTORING YOU TO LIFE-AFTER DEATH! YOU WILL BE A HERO!



YOU'RE INSANE... YOU'RE NOT HUMAN... ARRRRRGHH...

STEP ASIDE, HANS. I'M READY WITH THE NEEDLE...

GENTLEMEN, THIS PRISONER IS NOW DEAD!

YES, HE WAITED THIS MAN DEAD... BUT NOW A WILD ELATION COURSES THROUGH BURCH AS THE DEAD PULSE FEEBLY STARTS UP AGAIN AGAINST HIS FINGERS! IT WORKS! BUT- ROLFE MUST NOT LIVE, HE WOULD TAKE MARGARET AWAY... SO HE LIED...



I'VE DONE IT! — HANS, GET SOME MEN TO TAKE AWAY THE BODY—IT STILL HASN'T WORKED!

BEFORE ROLFE CAN REACH CONSCIOUSNESS, HE MUST BE BURIED! BURCH ORDERS THE DIGGERS TO HURRY, HURRY...



DIG FASTER... DUMP THE BODY IN!

WELL, I'M RID OF HIM! AND AT LAST MY SERUM IS A SUCCESS! AS SOON AS I GET ANOTHER SPECIMEN I'LL SHOW THE ENTIRE WORLD!



THE FIELD IS NOW CLEAR FOR BURCH— AND HE HURRIES TO MARGARET...



MARGARET, I HEARD YOU HAD BEFRIENDED ROLFE! TERRIBLE ABOUT HIS SUICIDE! I WANTED TO TELL YOU HOW SORRY.

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, DR. B.— I MEAN, FRANZ! YOU'RE SO KIND TO CALL!

THE NEXT FEW WEEKS ARE BUSY, HAPPY ONES FOR BURCH / MARGARET IS KINDER... AND SOME NEW SPECIMENS ARE BEING BUILT UP FOR HIS EXPERIMENT... BUT ONE NIGHT HE IS AWAKENED BY A QUEER SOUND— AT THE WINDOW



WHO'S THERE? WHAT IS THAT? A-SK-SKELETON! I MUST BE DREAMING.

AND AT THE LONELY GRAVE NEAR THE WILLOW, THE NEXT NIGHT AGAIN THE EARTH STIRS... BONY LIMBS PROTRUDE!



AGAIN THE CLANKING BONES STIFFLY WEND THEIR WAY TOWARD DR. BURCH'S LIGHTED OFFICE WINDOW AS HE SITS IN HIS LABORATORY LISTENING LISTENING TO THE UNWORLDLY SOUND...



EVERY NIGHT, FROM THEN ON, BURCH RECEIVES A GHOSTLY VISITATION FROM THE WALKING SKELETON! NO MORE CAN HE SPEND THE EVENING HOURS AT HIS WORK, NOR CAN HE SLEEP, NO MORE CAN HE FIND PEACE!



GO BACK TO YOUR GRAVE, ROLFE!



YOU WERE BURIED DEEP... WHY DON'T YOU STAY THERE?



GO BACK! YOU ARE DEAD!

THE DESPERATE SLEEPLESS MAN HAS ORDERED THE GRAVE EXHUMED AND IS NOW FRANTICALLY SEVERING THE LEGS OF ROLFE'S SKELETON...

AND BURCH MADE SURE THE LEGS WERE BURNED. HE DID THE JOB HIMSELF...

NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY IN YOUR GRAVE... MINUS LEGS YOU'LL WALK NO MORE! YOURS SHALL BE BURNED!

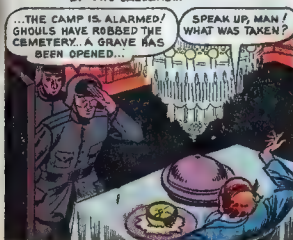
AMHHH! I'VE OUTSMARTED HIM THIS TIME! HA HA HA!



MINUS HIS LEGS ROLFE WAS AGAIN BURIED! NOW BURCH ENJOYS REFRESHING SLEEP, FOLLOWED BY A DELICIOUS BREAKFAST BUT IT IS INTERRUPTED BY TWO CALLERS...

VERY ODD, SIR! ONLY A PAIR OF SKELETON LEGS!

UH--UH... I-LEGS!



THE END

CHARMING BIRD HOUSE AND COMPLETE BIRD CARE STATION

only
\$1⁶⁹

PLUS FREE

PHONOGRAPH RECORD and GIFTS
from THE BIRD FRIENDS OF AMERICA—
Unbreakable Vinyl phonograph record
of 18 authentic reproductions of . . .
Bird Calls and Songs, Bird Picture Book,
Bird Food, and Double Throat Bird Call.

Whether you live in country or city, you can get new pleasure and thrills from this amazing complete outfit. Besides you will be performing a needed service for our feathered friends and American wildlife.

BIRD FEEDER

BIRD BATH

BIRD BOOK

**BIRD CALL
RECORD**

Now for the first time ever, you can get this amazing complete outfit. Bird house, bird bath, feeding station, all made of fine rust-proof sheet aluminum embossed and decorated so that the birds will love to use them, plus: • Free bird food • Easy to use bird caller • Bird picture book and • Unbreakable vinyl hi-fidelity record of 18 bird calls and songs—all for the amazing low price of \$1.69.

In a few minutes you can set up your outfit on your own window-sill, porch, or tree. Birds will flock to your feeding station, take baths in your bird bath and sing and chirp to your record or your own bird calls. Soon, too, some birds will make their home in your bird house, lay their eggs and start to raise a family. All your friends will envy your wonderful new pets, and your ability to imitate their calls. Parents and teacher will be amazed at how children know and learn to do so many new things.



**DOUBLE
THROAT
BIRD
CALLER**

10 DAY FREE TRIAL

Just because we know you will love this wonderful bird-care station, we make this offer. Just fill in the coupon below. We will rush your whole outfit by return mail together with the free bird caller, record, bird food, and bird picture book. Set it up and use it for 10 days. If you are not delighted, just return the aluminum house, feeder and bird bath for a refund of the complete purchase price. And keep all the rest as a gift from us. But rush now and be the first in your neighborhood to have this wonderful outfit.

BIRD FRIENDS OF AMERICA, DEPARTMENT B-273,
35 Wilbur St., Lynbrook, New York

- ☐ Rush me my complete Bird House, Care Station, Bird Book, Bird Food, Record and Caller for only \$1.69. If I am not 100% delighted, I may return the outfit after 10 days free trial, for prompt refund of the full purchase price.
- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.69 upon delivery plus a few cents postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

YOU GET ALL THIS:

- Sheet aluminum bird house, in natural colors
- Simulated leaf bird bath
- Bird feeding station
- Bird food
- Bird call imitator
- Book of 30 bird pictures
- American flag
- Unbreakable vinyl phonograph record with 18 authentic bird calls

**Bird
House**

REVERSIBLE AUTO SEAT COVERS

MADE OF FLEXTON — HEAVY GAUGE PLASTIC
GUARANTEED FOR LONG WEAR



FITS ALL CARS

STYLE #400

Snake Zebra Skin Design—Printed Plastic can be used on either side. Gives snappy distinctive dress up appearance Front or Rear Seat only

\$298

STYLE #500

Leopard Cowhide design on Printed Flexton Plastic. Leopard Skin on one side, Cowhide on the other. Either side gives beauty to your car's seats. Never gets dirty for it cleans with a whisk of a damp cloth. Front or Rear.

\$298



**RUSH
ORDER TODAY!**

ORDER FROM MANUFACTURER AND SAVE!

Choice of split or front seat styles only **\$2.98** each. Complete set for Front & Rear only **\$5.00**. Specify make of car and seat style with each order. Save Money and buy a set today.

5 Day Money Back Guarantee!

MARDO SALES CORPORATION, DEPT. 3155
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Please send me seat covers I have marked. I can try for 10 days and return for refund of purchase price if I am not satisfied

- ☐ Zebra-Snake Design, Reversible
☐ Leopard Cowhide Design, Reversible
☐ Split Seat \$2.98 ☐ Solid Seat \$2.98
☐ Set (Front & Rear) \$5.00
☐ I enclose payment ☐ Send C.O.D.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

"With God..."

all things are possible!"

Are you facing difficult Problems? Poor Health? Money or Job Troubles? Love or Family Troubles? Are you Worried about someone dear to you? Is some one dear to you Drinking too Much? Do you ever get Lonely — Unhappy — Discouraged? Would you like to have more Happiness, Success and "Good Fortune" in Life?

If you do have any of these Problems, or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful NEWS — NEWS of a remarkable NEW WAY of PRAYER that is helping thousands of other men and women to glorious NEW happiness and joy! Whether you have always believed in PRAYER or not, this remarkable NEW WAY may bring a whole NEW world of happiness and joy to you—and very, very quickly too!

So don't wait, dear friend. Don't let another minute go by! If you are troubled, worried or unhappy IN ANY WAY — we invite you to clip this Message now and mail with 6c in stamps so we can rush FULL INFORMATION to you by AIR MAIL about this remarkable NEW WAY of PRAYER that is helping so many others and may just as certainly and quickly help YOU!

You will surely bless this day—so please don't delay! Just clip this Message now and mail with your name, address and 6c in stamps to LIFE-STUDY FELLOWSHIP, Box 2204, Noroton, Conn. We will rush this wonderful NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH to you by AIR MAIL.

SOME DIE TWICE

AIEE... BAKKA
CORO SINGO KLO!
(MAN IS ALIVE...
NOW WE MAY EAT
HIS FLESH!)

THE WITCH
DOCTOR IS DEAD
BUT HE KNOWS I'M
ALIVE! I'LL BE
DEVOURED BY THESE
CANNIBALS! SOMEBODY
HELP ME! MARNA,
WHERE ARE YOU?

THE DANK SMELL OF THE WATERFRONT
STINGS THE GIRL'S NOSTRILS AS SHE
FOLLOWS HER BRIDGROOM'S HURRY-
ING STEPS UP THE CREAKING GANG-
PLANK TOWARD THE GLOOMY HULK...

BARNEY - I
DON'T...
UNDERSTAND!

DON'T WORRY,
MARNA. YOU'LL
UNDERSTAND
SOON ENOUGH!

THE CLANK OF CHAINS, THE STENCH OF FOUL
FLESH: THE SING-SONG CHANT OF THE
WITCH DOCTOR ENTERS YOUR BRAIN AS YOU
LIE RIGID IN YOUR COFFIN GRIPPED BY A
PARALYSIS THAT IS OR RESEMBLES **DEATH!!**
EVERYONE ON BOARD CONSIDERS YOU DEAD.
HOW DID THE DEAD **WITCH DOCTOR**
DISCOVER THE TRUTH? WHAT MAGIC WIZARD-
RY OF HIS CANNIBALISTIC TRIBE UNCOVERED
THE SPARK OF LIFE? MUST YOU NOW **TRULY**
DIE - IN AN AGONY OF FLESH TORN APART
PIECEMEAL?

THIS, THEN IS THE MYSTERIOUS HONEYMOON PLANNED FOR THE YOUNG BRIDE...

YOU LOOK DISAPPOINTED, MARNA. A SECRET TRIP TO AFRICA TO BRING BACK A FORTUNE IN SLAVES IS QUITE ROMANTIC! I THOUGHT YOU'D BE DELIGHTED!

BUT, YOU BARNEY! A **SLAVE-TRADER!** A SUCCESSFUL, RESPECTED SHIPOWNER. AS YOUR NURSE, I ADMIRED YOU—FELL IN LOVE..

JUST ONE DAY OF MARRIAGE AND MARNA SUDDENLY FINDS HER HUSBAND'S ARMS REPUGNANT....

I OWN THIS SHIP! IN ONE YEAR WE SHALL MAKE A **FORTUNE** IN SLAVES!! COME NOW, I WANT A KISS!

A FORTUNE IN HUMAN LIVES? NO! LET GO OF ME!

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR INTERRUPTS THIS HONEYMOON SCENE AND THE FIRST MATE ENTERS, STARTLED....

YOU LOOK SURPRISED MR. BLAIR! THIS IS MRS. DEGRIS, MY YOUNG BRIDE!

ER—NEVER THOUGHT TO SEE A LADY ON THIS SLAYER, SIR! THE CAPTAIN WISHES TO SEE YOU AFTER YOU'RE SETTLED!

MARNA'S CONTINUED RESISTANCE TO HIS LOVE-MAKING INFURIATES BARNEY AND IN HIS WILD TEMPER HE PUSHES HER ASIDE...

I'M GOING TO SPEAK TO MY CAPTAIN NOW! YOU'D BETTER BE IN AGREEABLE MOOD WHEN I GET BACK, MARA!

BARNEY HURRIES BACK IN A FORGIVING MOOD. BRIDES MAY BE TEMPERAMENTAL... MARNA'S SO YOUNG...

YES—I CAN'T.. NOT NOW..

WHO THE **DEVIL** IS SHE TALKING TO?

WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU DOING HERE? BLAIR?

YOUR WIFE WAS ILL!

MR. BLAIR BROUGHT ME A CUP OF TEA!

THE SOFT SOUND OF THE WAVES LAPPING AGAINST THE SPEEDING SHIP LULLABIES THE NEWLYWEDS THROUGH THE BLACK NIGHT AT SEA. BUT THROUGH THE HAZE OF SLEEP BARNEY STIRS... SUDDENLY JEALOUSLY SITS ERECT...

WHERE'S MARNA... SHE'S NOT IN HER BED! IF SHE'S WITH BLAIR I'LL KILL HIM!

IN EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY BARNEY SEARCHES FOR HIS MISSING BRIDE—THEN IN THE SHADOWS—HE SEES FIGURES...



IF SHE'S WITH BLAIR I'LL KILL HIM!

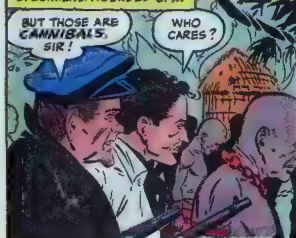
THE STARTLED FACE OF MARNA CONFRONTS BARNEY, WHITENED BY THE GLARE OF THE FLASHLIGHT...



WHO'S THAT WITH YOU? - OH... JUST THE CANNON!

I COULDN'T SLEEP...

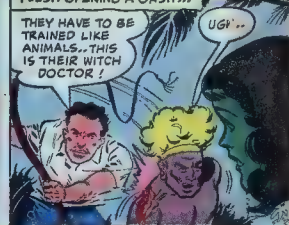
ARRIVING IN AFRICA, DEGRIS LOSES NO TIME! A CANNIBAL VILLAGE IS RAIDED... PRIZE SPECIMENS ROUNDED UP...



BUT THOSE ARE CANNIBALS, SIR!

WHO CARES?

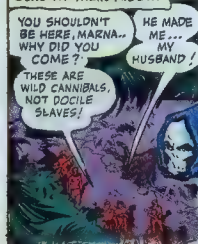
ANOTHER AND FINAL RAID IS MADE AND A COLD BRILLIANT LIGHT DANCES IN BARNEY'S EYES AS HIS WHIP SNAPS ON CANNIBAL FLESH OPENING A GASH...



THEY HAVE TO BE TRAINED LIKE ANIMALS... THIS IS THEIR WHIP DOCTOR!

UGH...

THE DARK NATIVES ARE HURRIED FROM THEIR HABITAT... GUNS AT THEIR RIBS...



YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE, MARNA... WHY DID YOU COME?

HE MADE ME... MY HUSBAND!

THESE ARE WILD CANNIBALS, NOT DOCILE SLAVES!

NAUSEA GRIPS MARNA'S VITALS... ALL THE BRUTALITY AND USELESS BLOOD-SHED SICKENS HER...



IT WAS AWFUL, PHILIP... HOW COULD BARNEY CHANGE SO?

HE SHOULD BE HORSE-WHIPPED FOR TREATING YOU SO!

THE YOUNG COUPLE FALL BEHIND, THE GENTLE VOICE OF PHILIP BLAIR, STIRS IN THE UNHAPPY GIRL A NEW SENSATION. AS HE HOLDS HER CLOSE, HER ARMS CLING TO HIM...



I WANT TO PROTECT YOU, MARNA!

WITH YOU, PHILIP... I'M NOT AFRAID...

NOW IN LOVE, THEY DELAY LONGER THAN THEY REALIZE ...



CLOSE TO THE SHIP, BARNEY MISSES MARNA...

SHE'S NOWHERE IN SIGHT... MEN - GET THE SLAVES ABOARD AND STOW THEM IN THE HOLD! I'LL GET MRS. DEGRIS!

AIEEE...



BARNEY TOOK A MORE DIRECT COURSE THRU THE HOT, SILENT JUNGLE ~ SEARCHING FOR HIS LOVELY BRIDE ... **SUDDENLY!!!**...



OWW... A **PANTHER** TRAP! WHEW! SAVED MYSELF IN THE NICK OF TIME!



THROUGH THE JUNGLE HUSH - SOFT WHISPERS - QUICK BREATHS... AND IN A CLEARING IN THE LUSH JUNGLE... TWO LOVERS...

I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED... THE RATS!



HATE AND CURIOSITY FILL THE JEALOUS HUSBAND - HIS FINGER HOLDS THE TRIGGER AS HE LISTENS...

I LOVE YOU MARNA! I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU AWAY!

OH, PHILIP... I WANT TO GO WITH YOU ANYWHERE, DARLING!



SHOOTING PHILIP IS MURDER - AN INSPIRATION AMUSES BARNEY AS HE STAMPS ON THE GROUND, WARNING THEM OF HIS APPROACH...

HA HA HA!!! WHAT A **WONDERFUL** IDEA TO GET RID OF ROMEO!



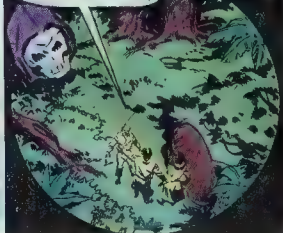
BARNEY'S WARNING SOUND IS HEARD, MARNA AND PHILIP JUMP UP... CONFUSED... FLUSTERED...



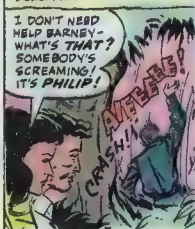
I WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU, MARNA!

I FAINTED... PHILIP HELPED ME...

I'LL TAKE CARE OF MY WIFE. YOU, PHILIP, GO BACK ON THAT SHORTCUT OVER THERE AND GET ABOARD SHIP! I JUST CAME THAT WAY!



TWO SILENT PEOPLE... EACH WITH DIFFERENT THOUGHTS AND EMOTIONS - THEN A SCREAM....



I DON'T NEED HELP BARNEY - WHAT'S THAT? SOMEBODY'S SCREAMING! IT'S PHILIP!

CRASH! AVEENES!

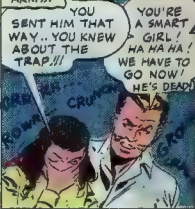
MARNA HURRIED TO THE TRAP, HER FACE CONTORTED IN HORROR AS SHE SEES THE MANGLED LIMBS... THOSE BLOODY ARMS HAD JUST HELD HER... THAT STRONG BODY HAD BEEN CLOSE...



PHILIP - NO, NO... NO!

COME AWAY MARNA, QUICK!

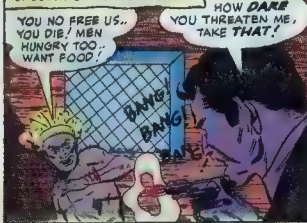
IN NUMB FASCINATION, SHE WATCHES THE CLAWING DESTRUCTION - SHE STANDS AS THOUGH PARALYZED... UNAWARE OF BARNEY PULLING AT HER ARM...



YOU SENT HIM THAT WAY... YOU KNEW ABOUT THE TRAP!!!

YOU'RE A SMART GIRL! HA HA HA! WE HAVE TO GO NOW! HE'S DEAD!

BACK ON THE SHIP LATER... THE CAPTAIN REPORTS THAT THE CAPTURED WITCH DOCTOR WAS STIRRING UP TROUBLE AMONG THE IMPRISONED SLAVES... DEGRIS HAS THE CANNIBAL BROUGHT UP TO HIS CABIN...



YOU NO FREE US... YOU DIE! MEN HUNGRY TOO... WANT FOOD!

HOW DARE YOU THREATEN ME, TAKE THAT!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

THIS MAN TRIED TO KILL ME! PUT HIS BODY IN THE HOLD 'TIL WE'RE OUT TO SEA!

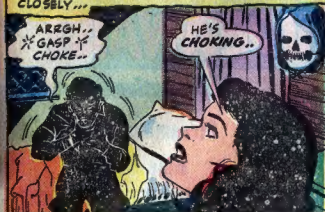


NO! THE CANNIBALS WON'T EAT THE DEAD!

WON'T THE HUNGRY CANNIBALS EAT HIM?



THEN ONE NIGHT THE SLAVER PUTS OUT TO SEA AND THE EXHAUSTED DEGRIS WAS AWAKENED BY AN ACRID, SWEET ODOR... IT STINGS HIS NOSTRILS! MARNA AWAKENS IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT TO SEE BARNEY ACTING STRANGELY... SHE WATCHES HIM CLOSELY...

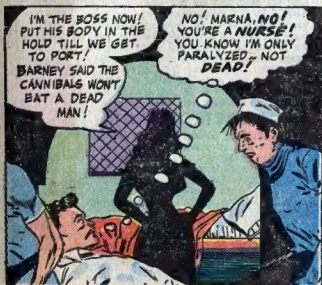


A SPILLED BOTTLE OF PARALYZING CURARE! THE MEDICINE MARNA BROUGHT WITH HER FOR EMERGENCY OPERATIONS. METHODICALLY, MARNA MOPS UP THE LIQUID, CLOSES THE BOTTLE... GRIM DETERMINATION IN HER EYES...



I'M THE BOSS NOW!
PUT HIS BODY IN THE
HOLD TILL WE GET
TO PORT!
BARNEY SAID THE
CANNIBALS WON'T
EAT A DEAD
MAN!

NO! MARNA, NO!
YOU'RE A NURSE!
YOU KNOW I'M ONLY
PARALYZED... NOT
DEAD!



THEY PUT THE COFFIN IN THE BOTTOM OF THE SHIP'S HOLD - IRONIC THAT BARNEY WOUND UP WITH HIS CAPTIVES... AND THEIR DEAD WITCH DOCTOR...



ALONE WITH THE CANNIBALS FOR HOURS, THE BODY OF BARNEY LAY RIGID... BUT SUDDENLY - THE CORPSE THAT WAS THE WITCH DOCTOR STIRRED - AROSE, AND TALKED!



IMMOBILE, PARALYZED BARNEY LISTENS IN HORROR TO THE CANNIBAL WITCH DOCTOR...

OH NO! HE KNOWS I'M ALIVE! HE'S CALLING THE CANNIBALS TO FEAST ON ME! WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE HELP ME! MARNA - HELP!

AIEE --
BAKKA
COROSINGO
KLO, (MAN IS
ALIVE! YES - YOU
MAY EAT HIS
FLESH!



CLOSER, CLOSER, CONVERGING ON THE LIVING - DEAD MAN. THE HUNGRY CANNIBALS OBEY THE SUMMONS OF THEIR WITCH DOCTOR! THE MAN IS ALIVE! LET US FEAST!

LIKE WILD BEASTS - PANTHERS. THEY WILL TEAR - ME - TO PIECES



new figure mold HIDE-A-WAIST

17 Sensational Features

Streamline Your Waist

Hide Bulges

Say "good-bye" to that unbecoming tummy bulge and clumsy waistline... AND instead... enjoy what you need most for your figure with HIDE-A-WAIST. Wear it and presto-chango — like magic you have graceful alluring curves. The unwanted bulge is evenly and comfortably banished. There are 17 sectional features that effect flattering curves. Keeps you smoothly shapely no matter what angle... sit, bend, stand or walk with comfortable, even grace. The secret of glamorous, stylish, women is to look graceful and alluring with a thinned waist line.

ADJUSTABLE To Tailor-Made Fit

The adjustable features allow you to get the custom fit perfection, comfort and attractiveness of a tailor fit. It's practically made to order for your figure. Gives you poise and posture. The 17 sections automatically mold your figure.

You get the support you need with unbelievable comfort. The specially designed concave effect permits HIDE-A-WAIST to adapt itself to your own diaphragm. You've never seen anything like it. You've never enjoyed so much freedom, comfort and style in anything else you've worn. The four extra-length detachable garters complete HIDE-A-WAIST. Comfortable too, without garters.

BEAUTIFUL IN YOUR HAND EXQUISITE ON YOUR FORM

You'll marvel at the value and beauty when you see your new HIDE-A-WAIST... BUT... when you put it on and see your new self, you'll be the happiest girl in the world. You'll look as thin and graceful as a sixteen-year-old nymph. Order your HIDE-A-WAIST now. It's new and not available in stores. Order direct without risk. You must be 100% delighted or we refund your money. Comes in sizes up to 40. The introductory price is indeed a bargain. Sizes up to 34 only \$2.98, plus postage. Sizes 35 and over One Dollar extra. (\$50 extra for the four extra-length detachable adjustable garters.)

ONLY
2.98
2 FOR
\$5.85

You will look charmingly slim to boot — new HIDE-A-WAIST. Your stylish waistline will add new glamour to your favorite frocks... you will walk with an "air" of radiance and poise.



HIDE-A-WAIST

Back View

10 DAY TRIAL FREE!

NOTE Fashion has emphasized the streamlined waist. Be up to the minute when you parade your pretty self... order your HIDE-A-WAIST now! Send direct to us for your HIDE-A-WAIST today. Wear it 10 days FREE and, if not delighted, return for prompt refund of full purchase price. Act at once, while this introductory offer is open. Just fill in coupon and drop it in the mail. We ship C.O.D. plus postage. But hurry coupon.

The S.J. Wegman Co.
35 Wibur St. Lyndbrook, N.Y.

Dept. 560-H,

Rush my new HIDE-A-WAIST three-in-one at once. If I am not thrillingly satisfied I will return it after 10-day FREE trial for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Size _____ (waist size in inches).

Also send _____ sets of extra-length detachable and adjustable garters at only 50¢ for set of four.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus few cents postage.

☐ I enclose payment. The S. J. Wegman Co. will pay postage.

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ADDRESS _____

**Safe, New
Easy Way**

STOPS "NAIL BITING" HABIT INSTANTLY!



**Ends Shame, Pain
and Embarrassment
of Torn, Ragged,
Chewed Fingernails**

Doctors agree "nail biting" is a vicious, ugly, unsanitary habit that often leads to serious infections, ugly ingrown nails, pain and embarrassment. Now amazing new medical formula safely stops fingernail biting habit almost instantly. In just days fingernails grow longer, lovelier, healthier with exclusive Elmorene Formula 246. Safe, easy as washing your hands, just rub across fingertips. No sticky lacquers, gloves or trick devices. Formula 246 is invisible on fingers . . . nobody knows your secret. **ORDER TODAY!**

SEND NO MONEY—7 Day Trial Offer

Send name and address. On arrival pay postman only \$2.98 plus C.O.D. charges. Formula 246 must break "nail biting" habit. At end of only 7 days fingernails must be longer, healthier or full refund. Sent in plain package. (Send cash, we pay all postage charges . . . same guarantee).

FREE of extra cost! Pocket size fingernail brush included on orders from this ad. **WRITE TODAY!**

**290 Madison Ave.
Dept. 87,
New York 17, N.Y.**

ELMORENE CO.

How I foxed the Navy

by Arthur Godfrey

The Navy almost scuttled me. I shudder to think of it. My crazy career could have ended right there. Who knows, I might still be bumming Chesterfields instead of selling them.

To be scuttled by the Navy you've either got to do something wrong or neglect to do something right. They've got you both ways. For my part, I neglected to finish high school.

Ordinarily, a man can get along without a high school diploma. Plenty of men have. But not in the Navy. At least not in the U. S. Navy Materiel School at Bellevue, D. C., back in 1929. In those days a bluejacket had to have a mind like Einstein's. And I didn't.

"Godfrey," said the lieutenant a few days after I'd checked in, "either you learn mathematics and learn it fast or out you go. I'll give you six weeks." This, I figured, was it. For a guy who had to take off his shoes to count



above ten, it was an impossible assignment.

I was ready to turn in my bell-bottoms. But an ad in a magazine stopped me. Here, it said, is your chance to get special training in almost any subject—mathematics included. I hopped on it. Within a week I was enrolled with the International Correspondence Schools studying algebra, geometry and trig for all I was worth.

Came week-end liberty, I studied. Came a holiday, I studied. Came the end of the six weeks, I was top man in the class. Within six weeks I had mastered two years of high school math, thanks to the training I'd gotten.

I.C.S. made the impossible—easy!

GET EXPERT GUIDANCE **2 FREE BOOKS**

Free, illustrated catalog on career that interests you. Also 36-page, pocket-size guide to advancement, "How to Succeed." Just mail the coupon

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

ICS

BOX 2820, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW TO SUCCEED" and the booklet about the course BEFORE which I have marked X:

- | | | | | |
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| ☐ Aircraft Engine Mechanic | ☐ Personnel and Labor Relations | ☐ Architectural Drafting | ☐ Machine Design-Drafting | ☐ Locomotive Engineer |
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